

THE
British Enchanters ;
OR,
No Magick like Love.

A
DRAMATICK POEM.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON: And Sold by W. KILGOUR
at Rowe's Head, over-against Clement's Church.

MDCCXXXII.

THE
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L O N D O N

Printed for J. T. Towner, and sold by W. B. E. Smith, at 10, St. James's Street, London, W. 1.

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Advertisement to the Reader.

UPON the Separation of the Houses, when Musical Performances were confin'd to one Theatre, and Dramatick to the other, it became necessary to lengthen the Representation of the ensuing Poem with several Alterations and Additions, and some intire new Scenes, to fill up the Spaces occasion'd by the Necessity of leaving out the Mixture of Musical Entertainment. Which Additions are herewith Printed, having never been Publish'd before.



A 1

PRO-

Advertisement to the Reader.

UPON the Separation of the
Houses, when Medical Practi-
cians were bound to one Theory
and Doctrine to the other, it be-
came necessary to lengthen the Re-
presentation of the same Form with
several Alterations and Additions, and
some in the new Science, to fill up the
Spaces occasion'd by the Necessity of
leaving out the Mixture of Medical
Intermixture. Which Additions are
retrospectively Printed, having never been
Publish'd before.

PROLOGUE.

PORTS, by Observation, find it true,
'Tis harder much to please themselves, than You:
To Weave a Plot, to Work, or to Refuse
A labour'd Scene, to Polish ev'ry Line,
Judgment must sweat, and feel a Mithra's Pain:
Vain Fools! thus to disturb and rack their Brains:
When, more indulgent to the Writer's Ease,
You are too good to be so hard to please:
No such convulsive Pangs it will require,
To write the pretty Things that you admire.

Our Author then, to please you in your Ways,
Presents you now a Bauble of a Play,
In jingling Rhime, well fortify'd and strong,
He fights outrench'd, o'er Head and Ears, in Song.
If here and there some evil-fated Line
Should chance, thro' Inadvertency, to shine,
Forgive him, Beaux, he means you no Offence,
But begs you, for the Love of Song and Dance,
To pardon all the Poetry and Sense.



Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Colius, King of Britain, Father to *Oriana*. Mr. Batterton.

Constantius, Emperor of Rome, in love with *Oriana*. Mr. Booth.

Amadis, a famous Knight-Adventurer, in love with *Oriana*, and beloved by her. Mr. Verbruggen.

Florestan, Companion to *Amadis*, in love with *Corisanda*. Mr. Husband.

Lucius, a Roman.

Arcaleus, an Enchanter, Enemy to *Amadis*. Mr. Bowman.

WOMEN.

Arcabon, an Enchantress, Sister to *Arcaleus*. Mrs. Barry.

Oriana. Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Corisanda. Mrs. Porter.

Urganda, a good Enchantress. Mrs. Bowman.

Delia, her Attendant. Mrs. Baker.

Officers and Guards attending *Colius*; Romans attending *Constantius*; Ladies attending *Oriana*; Attendants to the several Enchanters; Knights and Ladies Captives; Singers and Dancers.

The SCENE in BRITAIN.

THE



THE
British Enchanters.

ACT I SCENE I.

*The Curtain rises to a Flourish of all sorts of loud Musick.
The Scene is a Grove beautify'd with Fountains, Statues &c.
Urganda is discover'd as in the midst of some Ceremony of
Enchantment. Thunder during the Musick.*

Urganda, Delia, and Attendants.

URGANDA.

OUND, sound, ye Winds, the rended

Clouds divide,

Fright back the Priest; and save a trembling
Brides

Assist an injur'd Lover's faithful Love:

An injur'd Lover's Cause is worthy You.

Del. Successful is our Charm: The Temple shakes.

The Altar nods, th' astonish'd Priest forsakes

The hallow'd Shrine, starts from the Bridegroom's Side,

Breaks off the Rites, and leaves the Knot untied.

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The British Enchanters.

[Thunder again and Music. Orinda walks down the
Scene, waving her enchanted Rod during the following
Incantation.

In sweet Musicians of the Sky

Hither, hither, fly, fly,

And with enchanting Notes all Magick else supply.

Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,

Strike the Lyre, and tune the Flute;

In Harmony,

Celestial Harmony,

All Magick Charms are found,

Sound the Trumpet, sound.

A Single Voice.

Jason thus to Orpheus said,

Take thy Harp and melt the Maid,

Yours are vain, with Musick warm her,

Play, my Friend, and charm the Charmer,

Hark! hark! 'tis Orpheus plays,

The Cedars dance, the Groves obey.

Hark! hark again!

Medea melts like Proserpine,

Lying she turns: How soft, she cries!

How sweet! ah how sweet with String replies.

'Till on the warbling Notes she dies.

Ah how sweet, and how divine!

O! 'tis a Pleasure

Beyond Measure,

Take the Treasure,

Greek, 'tis thine.

CHO.

The British Enchanters.

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CHORUS.
*Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,
Strike the Lyre, and tune the Flute;*

*In Harmony,
Celestial Harmony,
All Magick Charms are found;
Sound the Trumpet, sound.*

First Dance of Statues.

A Single Voice.

*When with adoring Looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heavenly Face,
In every Glance, and every Grace,
What is that we see,*

*But Harmony,
Celestial Harmony!*

*Our ravish'd Hearts leap up to meet
The Musick of her Eyes, and dance around her Feet.*

*Urg. This Ode for Amour, ye Gods, approve;
For what's a Soldier's recompense but Love?
When forc'd from Arms, call'd to distant Wars,
His vanquish'd Heart remains a Captive here;
Oriana's Eyes that glorious Conquest made,
Nor was his Love ingratiously repaid.*

*Del. By Heaven, like hostile Yaws, most
And like Aeneas driv'n from Coast to Coast,
The wand'ring Heroe won't return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the Crimes of Fate.*

Chorus. And angry Gods, shall before all

10 *The British Enchanters.*

Who, anxious of Neglect, suspecting Change,
Consults her Pride, and meditates Revenge.

Urg. Just in the Moment, when Resentment fires,
A charming Rival tempts, a rugged King requires;
Love yields at last, thus combated by Pride,
And she submits to be the *Roman's* Bride.

Del. Did not your Art with timely Aids, provide,
Oriana were his Wife, and not his Bride.

Urg. In ancient times, ere Chivalry was known,
The Infant World with Monsters over-grown,
Centaur and Giants, nurs'd with human Blood,
And dire Magicians, an infernal Brood,
Vex'd Men and Gods: but most the Fair complain,
Of violated Loves, and Lovers slain.

To shelter Innocence, and injur'd Right,
The Nations all elect some Patron-Knight,
Sworn to be true to Love, and Slaves to Fame,
And many a valiant Chief enrolls his Name,
By shining Marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various Orders various Ensigns bear.

Bound by strict Oaths, to serve the brightest Eyes,
Not more they strive for Glory than the Prizes;
While, to invite the Toil, the fairest Dame
Of Britain, is the boldest Champion's Claim.

Del. Of all who in this Race of Fame delight,
Brave *Amadis* is own'd the hardy'st Knight.
Nor *Theseus*, nor *Amadis*, venture'd more,
Nor he so fam'd, who, bath'd in Monster's Gore,
Upon his crested Helm the trampled Dragon bore.

Urg. O mighty *Amadis*! what Thanks are due
To thy victorious Sword, that *Arden* slew?
Arden, that black Enchanter, whose dire Arts
Enslav'd our Knights, and broke our Virgins Hearts;
Met Spear to Spear, thy great deliv'ring Hand
Slew the Destroyer, and redeem'd the Land;
Far from thy Breast all Care and Grief remove,
Orissus's thing, by Conquest as by Love.

Del. The haughty *Arcaeus*, of *Arden*'s Blood,
And *Arcaluis*, Foes alike to Good,
Gluttons in Murder, wanton to destroy,
Their fatal Arts as impiously employ:
Heirs to their Brother's Hatred, and sworn Foes
To *Amadis*, their Magick they oppose
Against his Love and Life.

Urg. With equal Care,
Their Vengeance to prevent, we now prepare.
Behold the Time, when tender Love shall be
Nor vex with Doubt, nor prest with Tyranny.
The Love-sick Heroe shall from Camps remove,
To reap Reward: The Heroe's Pay is Love.
The Tasks of Glory painful are and hard,
But oh! how blest, how sweet is the Reward;

Urganda retires down the Scene as continuing the Ceremony of Enchantments Musick playing, and her Attendants repeating the Chorus of the foregoing Incantation till out of Sight. The Scene changes to an Apartment in King Celina's Palace. Enter a numerous Train of Britons and Romans preceding Constantus and Corisanda, follow'd by other Attendants, Men and Women; the Britons in a painted Dress, after the apocryphal Manner,

Constantin, Oriana, Confidant, and Ori.

Con. Lovers consult not Stars, nor watch the Skies,
 But seek their Sentence in their Charmer's Eyes;
 Careless of Thunder, from the Clouds that break,
 My only Omens from your Looks I take;
 When my *Oriana* smiles, from thence I date
 My future Hope, and when she frowns, my Fate.
Ori. If from my Looks your Sentence you would hear,
 Behold, and be instructed to Despair.

Con. Lost in a Labyrinth of Doubts and Joys,
 Whom now her Smiles reviv'd, her Scorn destroys;
 She will, and she will not; She grants, denies;
 Consents, retracts; advances, and then flies;
 Approving and rejecting in a Breath,
 Now proff'ring Mercy, now presenting Death:
 Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
 How various are the Torments I endure!
 Cruel Estate of Doubt! ah! Princess try
 Once to resolve, or let me live or die.

Ori. Cease, Prince, the Anger of the Gods to move:
 'Tis now become a Crime to mention Love.
 Our holy Men, interpreting the Voice
 Of Heav'n in Wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd Choice.

Con. Strange Rules for Constancy your Priests devise,
 If Love and Hate must vary with your Skies.
 From such vile Servants for Reason free,
 The Gods in every Circumstance agree,
 To suit our Union, pointing out to me,

And thus the Prince and Princess.

The British Enchantress

11

In this right Hand, the Scepter that they place
For me to hold, was meant for you to grace,
Thou best and fairest of the beauteous Kind,
Accept that Empire which the Gods design'd
And be the charming Mistress of Mankind.
Ambition, Love, whatever can inspire
A mutual Flame, Glory, and young Desire,
To guide and to adorn the destin'd Choice conspire.
If Greatness then with Beauty may compare,
And sure the Great are form'd but for the Fair,
Then 'tis most plain, that all the Gods decree
That I was born for you, and you for me.

Cor. Nuptials of Form, of Int'rest, or of State;
Those Seeds of Pride, are fruitful in Debate;
Let happy Men for generous Love declare
And choose the needy Virgin, Chaste and Fair:
Let Women to superior Fortune born,
For naked Virtue all Temptations scorn,
The Charm's immortal to a gallant Mind,
If Gratitude cement whom Love has join'd.
And Providence, not niggardly, but wise,
Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,
That by each other's Virtue we may rise:
Weak the bear Tie of Man and Wife we find;
But Friend and Benefactor always bind.

Enter King Celsus with a Guard of Britons.

Col. Our Priests recover, 'twas a holy Cheat,
Lead back the Bride, the Ceremonies wait.

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Ori. What Heav'n forbids —

Col. 'Twas Ignorance of my Will,
Our Priests have better learnt: What now is ill,
Can, when I please, be good; and none shall dare
Preach or expound, but what their King would hear.
Ere they interpret let 'em mark my Noe,
My Voice their Thunder, this right Arm their God.
Prince, take your Bride.

Ori. 'Twere impious now to suffer him my Hand.

[Refusing to Constantius, who offers to take her Hand;

Col. How dar'st thou disobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at Tears,

[To Constantius.

A counterfeited Qualm of Bridal Fears;
All feign'd and false; while her Desires are more
A real Fire, but a dissembled Show'r:
You'd see, cou'd you her inward Motions watch,
Feigning Delay, she wishes for Dispatch
Into a Woman's Meaning wou'd you look,
Then read her backward, like a Wizard's Book,
On to the Temple lead —

Ori. Obedience is your Due, which I must pay?

But as a Lover I command you — Ray.

[Again rejecting his Hand.

Obeying him, I'll be obey'd by you.

Con. Not Saints to Heav'n with more Submission bow:
I have no Will but what your Eyes ordain:
Dedn'd to Love, as they are doom'd to reign,

Col.

Col. [*Aside.*] Into what Hands, ye Gods! have you resign'd
Your World? Are these the Masters of Mankind?
These supple Romans teach our Women Scorn.

I thank you, Gods, that I'm a Briton born.

Agree these Trifles in a short Debate:

Woman [*To her.*] no more of this, but follow straight;

And you [*To him.*] be quick, I am not us'd to wait.

[*Exit Cælius.*]

*Oriana stands silent and weeping a-while, Constantius looking
concern'd. After a short Pause, Oriana speaks.*

Ori. Your Stars and mine have chosen you, to prove
The noblest Way how generous Men should love;
All boast their Flames, but yet no Woman found
A Passion, where Self-love was not the Ground.
Now we're ador'd, and the next Hour displease;
At first your Cure, and after, your Disease:
Slaves we are made, by false Pretences caught;
The Briton in my Soul disdains the Thought.

Con. So much, so tenderly, your Slave adores,
He has no Thought of Happiness, but yours.

Ori. Vows may be feign'd, nor shall meer Words prevail;
I must have Proofs, but Proofs that cannot fail;
By Arms, by Honour, and by all that's dear
To Heroes, or expecting Lovers, swear.

Con. Needs there an Oath? and can Oriana say?
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey?

Ori. Then to be stout, and put you out of Pain,
Leave me, and never see my Face again.

[*Start*]

The British Enchanters. 17

Enter Egilly a Briton.

Brit. The King is much displeas'd at this Delay.

Con. And let him wait, while 'tis my Will to stay.

Ori. Bear back a gentler Answer — We'll obey.

Con. Hence ev'ry Sound that's either soft or kind;
O for a War like that within my Mind:

Yes, by the Gods! I cou'd to Atoms tear,

Confound Mankind, and all the World — but her.

Say, Flatterer, say! ah, fair Deluder, speak,

Answer me this, ere yet my Heart does break;

Since thus engag'd, you never cou'd intend

Your Love, why was I flatter'd with your Hand?

Ori. To what a Father and a King thinks fit,

A Daughter and a Subject must submit.

Think not from Tyranny that Love can grow;

I am a Slave, and you have made me so.

Those Chains that Duty have put on, remove;

Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

Con. Cruel Oriana, much you wrong'd my Flame;

To think that I could lay so harsh a Claim,

Love is a Subject to himself alone,

And knows no other Empire than his own;

No Ties can bind, that from Constraint arise,

Where either's forc'd, all Obligation dies;

Curst be the Man, who uses other Art

But only Love to captivate a Heart.

O fatal Law! requiring to resign

The Object lov'd, or hated, keep her mine.



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Ori. Accuse me not of Hate, with equal Eyes
I judge your Merit, and your Virtue prize;
Friendship, Esteem be yours; Repose before
Of all my Love what can I offer more!
Your Rival's Image in your Worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, esteem in you;
Had your Complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
He then had been esteem'd, and you lov'd:
Then blame not me, since nothing hinders your Fate,
But that you pleaded late, and came too late.

[Constantine stands in a thoughtful Posture]

Cor. Thus Merit's useless; Fortune holds the Scale,
And still throws in the Weight that must prevail;
Your Rival is not of more Charms possess'd,
A Grain of better Luck has made him bliss'd.
Can To love, and have the Power to possess,
And yet resign, can Flesh and Blood do this?
Shall Nature, erring from her first Command,
Self-Preservation, fall by her own Hand?
By her own Act, the Springs of Life destroy,
The Principles and Being of her Joy?
Sensual and base — Can Nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd, by cursing whom we love?
Possessing, she is lost; renouncing, I,
Where then's the Doubt? Die, die, *Constantine*, die.
Honour and Love, ye Tyrants, I obey,
Where'er your cruel Call directs my Way.

To

To Shame, to Chains, or to a certain Grave
Lead on, un pitying Guides, behold your Slave.

Ori. Love's an ignoble Joy, below your Care,
Glory shall make amends with Fame in War;
Honour's the noblest Chace, pursue that Game,
And recompense the Loss of Love with Fame:
If still against such Aids your Love prevails,
Yet Absence is a Cure that seldom fails.

Con. Tyrannick Honour! what Amends canst thou
E'er make my Heart, by flattering my Brow?
Vain Race of Fame! unless the Conquest prove
In search of Beauty, to conclude in Love.
Frail Hope of Aids! for Time or Chance to give
That Love, which spite of Cruelty can live!
From your Disdain, since no Relief I find,
I must love Absent, whom I love Unkind;
Tho' Seas divide us, and tho' Mountains part,
That Fatal Form will ever haunt my Heart.
O! dire Reverse of Hope, that I endure,
From sure Possession, to Despair as sure!
Farewel, *Oriens*; yet ere I remove,
Can you refuse one Tear to bleeding Love?
Ah no, take heed, turn, turn those Eyes away,
The Charm's so strong, I shall for ever stay.
Princes rejoice, for your next News shall be,
Constantin dies to set *Oriens* free.

[Exeunt severally.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Thick-wooded Forest.**Enter Arcabon seeming passion, and Arcalant.*

Arcab. NO Warning of th' approaching Flame,
Swiftly like sudden Death it came,
Like Travellers by Lightning kill'd,
I burnt the Moment I beheld.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd,
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd;
The Case so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest Gems and Gold.

To what my Eyes admir'd before,
I add a Thousand Graces more,
And Fancy blows into a Flame
The Spark, that from his Beauty came.

The Object thus improv'd by Thought,
By my own Image I am caught,
Fyrer so with fatal Art,
Foult the Form that stung his Heart.

Arcal.

Thou an
Arcab.
The favo

Tigers
Cut down
Like Me
Like You
With all
And sure
Arcab.
Arcab.

That tea
Yes, ye
My Ar
Shall I,
The St
Bid
Shall I

Arcab.
A Bro
To D
This
Leave
With
Who
Am
I

The British Eubankers.

21

Arad. Eubankers say, whence such Reply is there?
Thou answer'it Love, I speak of *Amadis*.

Arad. Swiftly he past, and as in Sport pursu'd
The savage Herd, and hunted round the Wood;
[Seeming not to mind him]

Tigers and Wolves in vain his Stroke withstood,
Cut down like Poppies by the Reaper's Hand;
Like Mars he look'd as terrible and strong,
Like Jove majestic, like Apollo young;
With all their Attributes divinely grac'd,
And sure their Thunder in his Arm was plac'd.

Arad. Who pass'd? who look'd?

Arad. Ah! there's the fatal Wound,
That tears my Heartstrings — But he shall be found:
Yes, ye Infernals, if there's Pow'r in Art,
My Arms shall hold him, as he grasps my Heart.
Shall I, who can draw down the Moon, and keep
The Stars confin'd, enchant the haughty Deep,
Bid Waves hark, make Hills and Forests move,
Shall I be baffled by this Trifler Love?

Arad. Suspend these Follies, and let Rage surmount.

A Brothers Death requires a strict Account;
To Day, to Day, perhaps this very Hour,
This Moment, now, the Murd'rer's in our Pow'r;
Leave Love in Cottages and Cells to reign,
With Nymphs obscure, and with the lowly Swain,
Who waste their Days and Strength in such short Joys;
Are Fools, that barter precious Life for Toys.

[Exit]

[Arad.]

Arad. They're Fools who preach we waste our Days
and Strength;

What is a Life, whose only Charm is Length?

Give me a Life that's short, and wing'd with Joy,

A Life of Love, whose Minutes never cloy:

What is an Age in dull Renown drag'd o'er?

One little single Hour of Love is more.

An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arculus.

Arcul. See it perform'd—— And thou shalt be,

Dire Instrument of Hell, a God to me.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.

Here *Arad* fell, here on this fatal Spot

Our Brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious Gore,

The purple Flood, that cries so loud for more.

Think on that Image, see him on the Ground,

His Life and Fame both bury'd in one Wound.

Think on the Murderer, with insulting Pride

Tearing the Weapon from his bleeding Side,

Oh think——

Arad. What need these bloody Images to moral

Revenge I will—— And would spare my Love.

Why shou'd I of a Frailty shameful be,

From which no Mortal yet was ever free?

Not fierce *Medea*, Mistress of our Art,

Nor *Cleopatra*, nor *Calpurnia* taught the Smart.

If Hell has Pow'r, both Passions I will please,

My Anger and my Love shall both have Taste.

Lead

The British Enchanters. 23

Lead on, Magician, make Revenge secure,

My Hand's as ready and shall strike as sure. *[They go off.]*

Oriana and Corisanda appear entering from the inner Path of the Scene.

Ori, Thrice happy they, who thus in Woods and Groves,
From Courts retir'd, possess their peaceful Loves.
Of royal Maids, how wretched is the Fate,
Born only to be Victims of the State,
Our Hopes, our Wishes, all our Passions ty'd
For publick Use, the Slaves of others Pride.
Here let us wait th'Event, on which alone
Depends my Peace, I tremble 'till 'tis known.

Cw. So generous this Emperor's Love does seem,
'Twould justify a Change, to change for him.

[Flourish of Musick as in the Forest.]

Ori. Oft we have heard such airy Sounds as these,
Which in soft Musick murmur'ing thro' the Trees,
Salute us as we pass ———

Cw. The Air we breathe sure is enchanted Air.

[They stop, looking about as surpris'd.]

Enter several of Ascalanus's Magicians, representing Shepherds and Shepherdesses, singing and dancing.

A SHEPHERDESS.

Follow ye Nymphs and Shepherds all,

Come celebrate this Festival.

[They all sing, and dance, and play.]

For 'tis Oriana's Nuptial Day.

To

To Oriana] Queen of Britain, and of Love,

Be happy as the Bless above;

A joyful Day is in thy Power,

Seize, O seize the smiling Hour.

Graces numberless attend thee,

The Gods as many Blessings send thee:

Be happy as the Bless above,

Queen of Britain, and of Love.

[Exit, singing in

CHORUS.

Follow ye Nymphs, &c.

Ori. Preposterous Nuptials, that fill ev'ry Breast
With Joy, but only here, who shoud be blest.

Cor. Sure some Magician keeps his Revels here:
Princels retire, there may be Danger near.

Ori. What Danger in such gentle Notes can be?
Thou Friend to Love, thrice pow'ful Harmony.

I'll follow thee — Play on —
Musick's the Balm of Love, it charms Despair,
Suspends the Smart, and softens ev'ry Care.

[Exit, following the Musick.

Arculus enters, with an attendant, observing them.

Arcal. Finish the rest, and then be free as Air:
My Eyes ne'er yet beheld a Form so fair.

Happy beyond my Wish, I go to prove
At once, the joys of Sweet Revenge and Love.

[Exit, following.

Enter

Enter Amadis and Florestan.

Amad. Mistake me not — No *Amadis* shall die,
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her Joy.
Nice Honour still engages to requite
False Mistresses, and proud, with Slight for Slight.
But if, like mine, the stubborn Heart retain
A wilful Tenderness, the Brave must feign
In private grieve, but with a careless Scorn
In publick, seem to triumph, not to mourn.

Flov. Hard is the Task, in Love or Grief to feign;
When Passion is sincere, it will complain:
Doubts that from Rumour rose, you shoud suspend;
From evil Tongues what Virtue can defend?
In Love, who injures by a rash Distrust,
Is the Aggressor, and the first unjust.

Amad. If she is true, why all this Nuptial Noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty Joys?
Who to a Woman trusts his Peace of Mind,
Trusts a frail Bark, with a tempestuous Wind.
Thus to *Ulysses*, on the *Sygyia* Coast
His Fate enquiring, spake *Achilles'* Ghost;
Of all the Plagues with which the World is curst,
Of ev'ry Ill, a Woman is the worst;
Trust not a Woman. — Well might he advise,
Who perish'd by his Wife's Adultery.

Flov. Thus in Despair, what must we love, we wrong,
Not *Heav'n*'s escapes the impious Atheist's Tongue.

Amad. Enticing *Crocodiles*, whose Tears are Death;

Sirens, that murder with enchanting Breath:

Like *Egypt's* Temples, dazzling to the Sight,

Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;

With glitt'ring Gold and sparkling Gems they shine;

But Apes and Monkeys are the Gods within.

Flor. My Love attends with Pain, while you pursue

This angry Theme: I have a Mistress too:

The faultless Form no secret Stains disgrace,

A beauteous Mind unblemish'd as her Face,

Not painted and adorn'd to varnish Sin,

Without all Goddess, all Divine within.

By Truth maintaining what by Love she got,

A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a Spot:

Amad. Forgive the Visions of my fram'd Brain,

Far from the Man I love, be all such Pain:

By the immortal Gods I swear, my Friend,

The Fates to me no greater Joy could send,

Than that your Labours meet a prosperous End.

After so many glorious Toils, that you

Have found a Mistress, beautiful and true,

Oriana and Corisanda withdraw.

Ori. and Cor. Help, help, oh! Heav'n, help—

Amad. What Cries are these?

Flor. It seem'd the Call of Women in Distress,

Of savage Beasts and Men a monstrous Brood

Possess this Land—

Ori. and Cor. Help, help—

Amad. Again the Cry's renew'd.

Draw

The British Entertainer

17

Draw both our Swords, and fly with Speed to Victory.

Th' Oppress'd have a sure Refuge in the Brave.

[Swords drawing their Swords.]

[Oriana and Carionda enter the Stage pursu'd by a Party belonging to Arcalaus.]

Ori. and Car. Help, help!

Party. Pursue, pursue.

[Enter Arcalaus following the Pursuit.]

Arcalaus enters fighting, and retreating before Amadiah.

Arcal. Forbear, rash Mortal, give thy Brandy o'er,
For know thou tempt'st a more than mortal Pow'r.

Amad. Think not my Sword shall give thee least Reprieve,
'Twere Cruelty to let such Monsters live.

[Florestan re-enters retreating before another Party is seiz'd, disarm'd, and carry'd off.]

Arcal. Yet pause, and be advis'd; avoid thy Fate;
Without thy Life my Vengeance is complet:
Behold thy Friend born to eternal Chains,
Remember Arden now, and count thy Gains.

Amad. Like Arden's be thy Fate, unply'd fall,
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free 'em all.

Fight again, Arcalaus still retreating till off the Stage. Instruments of Horror are heard under Ground, and in the Air. Monsters and Demons rise from under the Stage, whilst others fly down from above, crossing to and fro in Confusion: Clashing of Swords behind the Scenes: Thunder and Lightning, during which Time the Stage is darken'd. On the sudden a Flourish of all the Musick succeeds, the

END

B 2

Sky

The British Enchanters.

Sky clear, and the Scene changes to a pleasant Prospect:
Amadis appears leaning on his Sword, surrounded by Shep-
herds and Shepherdesses, who with Song, Music and Dances
perform the following Enchantment.

A SHEPHERD.

Love, Creator Love, appear,

Attend and bear;

Appear.

A SHEPHERDESS.

Love, Creator Love,

Farms of Heav'n and Earth,

Delight of Gods above,

To thee all Nature owes her Birth,

Love, Creator Love.

CHORUS.

Appear, appear.

Attend and bear;

Appear.

SHEPHERD.

All that in ambient Air does move,

Or runs in fertile Fields below,

Or sparkles in the Skies above,

Or flows in roaring Waters slow,

Spring from the Seeds that thou dost sow,

Love, Creator Love.

CHORUS.

Appear, appear;

Attend and bear;

Appear.

SHEP.

The British Enchanters.

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SHEPHERDESS.

*When Love is away,
Or is not ours,
How dull is the Day,
How slow the Hours;
When Love is away there's no Delight,
How dull is the Day,
When Love's away,
How dull is the Day,
How slow the Hours;
But wing'd with Love, how swift is the Flight!*

CHORUS.

*Better in Love a Slave to be,
Than with the widest Empire free.*

[Symphony for Discord,

ODE for DISCORD.

When Love's away, then Discord reigns:

The Furies be unchained,

Ride Rains unbridled

The Northern Wind,

That fatten'd lay in Courts,

And rent up Trees, and plough the Plains,

Old Ocean frets and roars,

From their deep Beds the Rocks be torn;

Whole Deluges let fly,

That dash against the Sky,

And from its crown the Stars,

Th' agitated Clouds return the Shock

The British Enchantress

*Blue Lightning sweeps the Skies,
And Thunder rends the Rocks;
Then Jove usurps his Father's Crown,
Instructing Mortals to aspire;
The Father would destroy the Son,
The Son detesteth the Sire,
The Titans, to regain their Right,
Prepare to try a second Fight.
Briareus arms his hundred Hands,
And marches forth the bold Gigantrick Bands;
Pelion upon Ossa thence,
Steep Olympus they invade,
Gods and Giants tumble down,
And Mars is fill'd by Encelade,
Horror, Confusion, winged Despair,
Daggers, Poisons, Sword, and Fire,
To execute the awful Wish arise;
The Furies loose their Sesty Rags,
And lash both Men and Gods;
Chorus of Instrumental Musick for Discord;*

SYMPHONY for LOVE,

SHEPHERDESSE

*But when Love bids Discord cease,
Then jarring Sounds unite in Peace,
O the Pleasures past expressing,
All is Joy, and all is Bliss;
Hail to Love, and welcome Joy;
Hail to the Delic'ous Boy*

The British Enchanters

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In Cyprus first the Old man dwelt,
Then coming to the Moon,
In Britany he fix'd his Reign,
And in Oriana's Eyes his Throne.

CHORUS.

Hail to Love, and welcome Joy,

Hail to the delicious Boy!

See the Sun from Love returning,

Love's the Flame in which he's burning.

See the Zephyrs kissing close,

On Flora's Breast their Wings repose.

Hail to Love! the softest Pleasure;

Love and Beauty reign for ever.

DANCE.

Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Shepherds to Amalia

Now Mortal prepare,

For thy Fate is at Hand;

Now Mortal prepare

And surrender.

For Love shall arise,

Whom no Power can withstand;

Who rules from the Skies

To the Centre.

Now mortal prepare,

For thy Fate is at Hand;

Now mortal prepare

And surrender.

B 4

[Oriana

[*Orinda rises enchanted, resting on a Bed of Flowers. A-madis seeing her, throws away his Sword, and offers to run to her, but is fix'd in the same Instant.*]

Amad. I'll break then' all Enchantments to those Arms.
I am all Love, and thou all over Charms.

[*Here he is fix'd: Orinda wakes and rises.*]

Ori. In what enchanted Regions am I left?
'Am I alive? Or wander here a Ghost?
Art thou too dead?

Amad. Where-e'er you are, the Realm of Bliss must be;
I see my Goddess, and 'tis Heav'n to see!
Stand off — and give me way —

Ori. No — keep him there,
Th' ungrateful Traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the Wretch where *Sisyphus* stones
For Crimes enormous, and where *Thyrs* groins;
With Robbers and with Murderers let him prove
Immortal Pains — for he has murder'd Love.

Amad. Have I done this!

Ori. Base and perfidious Man,
Let me be heard, and answer if you can.
Was it your Love, when trembling by your Side
I wept, and I implor'd, and almost dy'd,
Urging your stay — Was it your Love that bore
Your faithless Vessel from the *British* Shore?
What said I not, upon that fatal Night,
When you avow'd your meditated Flight?
Was it your Love, that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my Heart?

See whom you find, Ishmael and Ingrate,
 Repent your Folly, but repent to late.
Amad. Mistaken Princess! By the Stars above,
 The Pow'rs below, and by Immortal Jove,
 Unwilling and compell'd——
Ori. Unwilling and compell'd! Vain, vain Pretence,
 For base Neglect, and cold Indifference.
 Was it your Love, when by those Stars above,
 Those Pow'rs below, and that Immortal Jove,
 You vow'd, before the first revolving Moon,
 You would return——Did you return? The Sun
 Thrice round the circl'd Globe was seen to move,
 You neither came, nor sent——Was this your Love!

Amad. Thrice has that Sun beheld me on your Coast,
 By Tempests beaten, and in Shipwrecks lost.
Ori. And yet you chose those Perils of the Sea,
 Of Rocks, and Storms, or any thing, but me.
 The raging Ocean, and the Winter Wind,
 Touch'd at my Passion, with my Wishes join'd,
 No Image, but of certain Fate, appear'd;
 Less I your Absence, than your Danger, fear'd;
 In vain they threaten'd, and I fir'd in vain.
 More deaf than Storms, more cruel than the Main;
 No Pray'r, nor gentle Message cou'd prevail,
 To wait a calmer Sky, or softer Gale,
 You brav'd the Danger, and despis'd the Love;
 Nor Death cou'd fright, nor Tenderness cou'd move.

B. 3

Amad.

Amad. Of our past Lives, the Pleasures, and the Pains;
 Fixt in my Soul, for ever shall remain;
 Recall more gently my unhappy State,
 And charge my crime, not on my Choice, but Fate:
 In Mortal Breast, sure Honour never would
 So dissuade a War, nor Love thus fiercely urge a Fight;
 You saw my Torment, and you know my Fate;
 'Twas Infamy to stay, 'twas Death to part.
 Ove. In vain you'd cover, with the Thine of Patriot
 And Honour's Call, an odious Traitor's Name;
 Could Honour such vile Perfidy approve?
 Is it no Honour, to be true to Love?
 O Vicious Parent of the Trojan Race,
 In Britain too, some Romanus found a Place;
 From Brute descending in a Line direct,
 Within these Veins, thy fruitful Blood respects
 Mother of Love, by Men and Gods revered,
 Confirm these Vows, and let this Pledge be kept;
 The Brits to the Gauls henceforth shall bear
 Immortal Hatred, and Eternal War;
 Nor League, nor Commerce, let the Nations know;
 But Seeds of everlasting Discord grow:
 With Fire and Sword the faithless Race pursue,
 This Vengeance to my injur'd Love is due;
 Rise from our Ashes some avenging Host,
 To curb their Tyranny, and invade their Coast;
 Waves fight with Waves, and Shores with Shores engage;
 And let our Sons inherit the same Rage.

Amad.

Amad. Might I be heard one Word in my Defence—
Or. No not a Word. What specious forc'd Pretence
 Would you invent, to gild a weak Defence?
 To falsify *Amad*, when 'twas given by Fate
 To tread the Paths of Death, and view the Stygian States;
 Forsaken *Dido* was the first that stood
 To strike his Eye, her bosom bath'd in Blood
 Fresh from her Wounds: *Fate* Horror and Anguish
 Seiz'd the false Man, confounded at the sight,
 Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint Words he spoke,
 Some Tears he shed, which, with disdainful Look,
 Unmov'd she heard, and saw, nor heeded more
 Than the firm Rock, when faithless Tempests roar;
 With one last Glance, his Palhood she upbraids
 Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal Shades.
 Lead me, O lead me, where the bleeding Queen;
 With just Reproaches, loads perfidious Men,
 Banish'd from Joy, from Empire, and from Light,
 In Death involve me, and in endless Night,
 But keep — that odious Object — from my Sight.

Enter Arcalanti.

Arcal. With her last Words she sign'd his dying Breath
 Convey him straight to Tortures and to Death.
Amad. Let me not perish with a Traitor's Name!
 Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am,
 Loose this right Hand, I challenge all thy Odds
 Of Heav'n, or Hell, of Demons, or of Gods.

Arcal.

Arcal. Hence to his Fate the valiant Boaster bear.

[They force him off.]

For him, let our infernal Priests prepare
Their Knives, their Cards, and Altars — But for her,
Soft Beds, and flow'ry Banks, and fragrant Bow'rs,
Musick and Songs, and all those smacking Pow'rs
With which Love steals on Hearts, and tames the Mind
To Tenderness and yielding —
Superior Charms, enchant us to be kind.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III SCENE I

Arcalaus and Arcabon meeting.

Arcal. **W**elcome as after Darkneſt cheerful Light;
Or to the weary Wanderer downy Night:
Smile, ſmile, O *Arcabon*, for ever ſmile,
And with thy gayeſt Looks reward my Toil:
That fallen Air but ill becomes thee now,
Se'ſt thou not glorious Conqueſt on my Brow?

Arcabon, Arcal. —

Arcab. Dead, or in Chains? Be quick in thy Reply.

Arcal. He lives, my *Arcabon*, but lives to die.
The gnawing Vulture, and the reſtleſs Wheel,
Shall be Delight to what the Wretch ſhall feel.

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Arach. Goddess of dire Revenge, Rise, rise,
With Pleasure grace thy Lips, with Joy thy Eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and strip the Rocks
Of Pearls and Gems, to deck thy jetty Locks;
With cheerful Tunes disguise thy hollow Throat,
And emulate the Lark and Linnets Note;
Let Envy's self rejoice, Despair be gay,
For Rage and Murder shall triumph to-day.

Arach. Arise, O *Arden*, from the hollow Womb,
Of Earth, arise, burst from thy brazen Tomb,
Bear witness to the Vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and rest for ever void of Care,

Arach. Plots, arise, Infernal King, release
Thy tortur'd Slaves, and let the damns have Peace;
But double all their Pains on *Amadis*.

Arach. Mourn all ye Heav'ns, above you stare Phobus
Let Grief abound, and Lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with Tears bedew the Skyes
For *Amadis*, his Champion's doom'd to die.

Arach. Death be my Care: For to compass his Woe,
The Slave shall perish by a Woman's Blow;
Thus each by turns shall his due Vows fulfill:
'Twas thine to conquer, and 'tis mine to kill.

Arach. So look'd *Makis*, when the Rival Bride,
Upon her nuptial Day, confining dy'd:
O never more let Love disguise a Face,
By Rage adorn'd with such triumphant Grace.

Arach.

Arab. In sweet Revenge inferior Joys are lost,
 'And Love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy Coast;
 Rage rules all other Passions in my Breast,
 'And swelling like a Torrent, drowns the rest!
 Should this curst Wretch, whom most my Soul abhors,
 Prove the dear Man whom most my Soul adores,
 Love shou'd in vain defend him with his Dart,
 Thro' all his Charms I'd stab him to the Heart. [Exit]

SCENE II

Enter Constantius, Celius, Lucius a Roman, and Guards of Britain

Con. Refus'd a Safeguard, murder'd and confin'd—
 Do Royal Guests no better Usage find?
 Are these the Customs of the British Coast?
 Here daily then he Dreads, not Men, resort.
 This Treatment, Driven from another Man—

Cel. It is my Will, and help it as you can,
 From Contracts free'd, and Articles agreed,
 With British Faith to suits more sacred bind.
 How may the World interpret such Mights?
 And on her Beauty, or her Fame, resist?
Roman, consider well what Course you read
 Resolve to be my Prisoner, or my Son.

If this sounds rude, then know, we Drives slight
 The supple Arts that Foreigners delight,
 Nor stand on Forms to placate our Night.

[Exit King Celius.

Luc.

Euc. Happy Extremity! now, Prince, be blest;
Of all you love, and all you wish, possess;
No Care you incur, constrain'd to choose,
Possess'd at once of Pleasure and Excuse.

Ces. If for my self alone I wou'd possess,
'Twere sensual Joy, and mortal Happiness:
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The Particle sublime of Bliss, is plac'd
In Raptures that we feel the ravish'd Charmer taste.
Oriana, no — tho' certain Death it be,
I'll keep my Word — I'll die or set thee free.
Haste, *Lucius*, haste, sound loud our Trumpets, call
Our Guard to arms, tho' few, they're *Romans* all.
Now tremble, savage King, a *Roman* Hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a Sword command.

As they go off, re-enter Celiuss hastily, attended as before.

Cel. Not to be found! she must, she shall be found —
Disperse our Parties, search our Kingdoms round,
Follow *Constantine*, seize him, torture, kill
Traitor! What Vengeance I can him, I will
Well have thy Gods, O *Rome*, soon'd thy *Rome*!
Planted behind so many Lands and Seas,
Or thou should'st feel me, City, in thy Fall,
More dreadful than the *Sannio* on the Gaul.
But to supply and recompense this War,
Hear, O ye Guardians of our Isle, and grant
That Wrath may rise, and Strife immortal come
Betwixt the Gods of *Britain*, and of *Rome*.

[Exit:
The

The British Emancipators.

The Scene changes to a Scene of Thrills and Dangers; Men and Women chain'd in Ropes appear to each other, in the Front of the Captives Florence and Corisande. A Guard of Demons. Plaintive Music.

To be sung by a Captive King.

Look down, ye Powers, look down;

And cast a pitying Eye

Upon a Monarch's Misery.

Look down, look down.

Duke but now on Thrones of Gold,

Gave Laws to Kingdoms, uncontrol'd;

To Empire born,

From Empire torn;

A wretched Slave;

A wretched Slave.

— *See now of Slaves the Scour!*

Alas! the Smiles of Fortune prove

As variable as Woman's Love.

Look down, ye Powers, look down;

And cast a pitying Eye,

Upon a Monarch's Misery.

Look down, look down,

Swinge off our Majesty,

Swinge, swinge, swinge,

Swinge off our Majesty.

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By a Captive Lover.

The happyſt Moments once were we,

I lov'd Mira, Mira was,

Each deſirous of the Bleſſing,

Nothing wanting but Poſſeſſing;

I lov'd Mira, Mira was,

The happyſt Moments once were we,

But ſince cruel Fates diſſow,

Torn from Love, and torn far ever,

Tortures and me,

Death befriend me:

Of all Pains the greateſt Pain

Is to love, and love in vain.

By a Captive Libertine.

I

Playe as not with idle Joins,

Whining Loves, and ſuſſible Glories;

What are Lovers, what are Kings,

What at beſt but ſervile Things!

Free I lov'd as Nature made me,

Love nor Beauty doſt invade me;

No rebellious Slave betray'd me,

Free I lov'd as Nature made me.

The British Enchanters.

III.

Each by Turns, as Sense inspir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus fill'd me;
I alone have lost true Pleasure,
Freedom is the only Treasure.

Chorus of Dancers, expressing Horror and Despair.

Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving,

No, no,

The Powers below

No Pity know,

Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving;

No, no,

The Powers below

No Pity know,

Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving.

Flor. to Cor. To taste of Pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
 To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
 Well may the Brave contend, the Wife contrive,
 In vain against their Stars the destiny strive.

Cor. So to th' appointed Grove, the feather'd Pair
 Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the Snare,
 Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought;
 The wanton Couple in one Toll are caught,
 In the same Cage in mournful Moans complain
 Of the same Fate, and curse pernicious Men.
Captives. O Heav'n, take Pity of our Pains,
 Let Death give Freedom from our Chains.

Flourish

*Flourish of Instruments of Horror. Enter Arcabon with a
Dagger in her Hand, attended by infernal Spirits.*

Arcab. Your Vows have reach'd the Gods, your Chains
and Breath

Have the same Date——

Prepare for Freedom, for I bring you Death.

He who to bit has 'scap'd th' Assaults of Hell,

Whom yet no Spells cou'd bind, no Force cou'd quell,

By whom so many bold Enchanters fell,

Amadis, Amadis, this joyful Day,

Your Guardian Deity himself's our Prey.

From all their Dungeons let our Captives come,

Idle Spectators of their Hero's Doom.

[Other Dungeons open, and discover some Captives in Chains.]

Cor. On me, on me, let ev'ry Vengeance fall, I would
Make me the Victim to atone for all.

Flor. Rather on me let all your Fury bend,

But save, O save my Mistress and my Friend.

Arcab. As soon the Lioness shall starve, to spare
Her Prey—— Behold the Sacrifice appear.

[A Traverse is drawn separating Amadis in Chains.]

Arcabon advancing hastily to stab him, starts and stops.

Thou dy'st—— What strange and what resistless Charm,

With secret Force, wrecks my lifted Arm?

What art thou, who with more than Magick Art

Dost make my Hand unfath'ful to my Heart?

Amad.

" Wretched, One, who disdaining Mercy, Fate to die;
 Lask not Life, for Life were Cruelty.
 Of all the Wretched, search the World around,
 A more unhappy never can be found;
 Let loose thy rage, like an avenging God,
 Fain wou'd my Soul encumber'd cast her Load.

Arab. In every Feature of that charming Face,
The dear Enchanter of my Soul I trace:

[*Afide, observing him.*]

My Brother! had my Father too been kill'd,
Nay, my whole Race, his Blood should not be fill'd.
The Ties of Nature do but weakly move,
The strongest Tie of Nature, is in Love.

[Seems gazing upon him.]

Amal. O *Phrygius*! I see those Chains with Shame,
Which I cou'd not prevent — O Stain to Fame!
O Honour lost for ever! *Thesus* fell,
But *Hercules* remain'd unconquer'd still,
And freed his Friend — What Man cou'd do, I did,
Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.
O my lov'd Friend! with better Grace we stood
In Arms repelling Death, wading in Blood
To Victory, the manly Limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a noble Load
Of ponderous Mail, these shameful Bonds disgrace,
And sink beneath th' insupportable Weight of Chains.

Flav. Where shall the Brave and Good for Refuge run,
When to be virtuous is to be undone?

Sure

The British Enchanters.

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Sure *Jupiter's* depos'd, some Giant rules
An impious World, contriv'd for Knaves and Fools.
Arach. He spoke, and every Accent to my Heart
Gave a fresh Wound, and was another Dart:
He weeps — but reddens at the Tears that fall —
Is it for these? Be quick and free 'em all.

[Throws away her Dagger.]

Let every Captive be releas'd from Chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?
Hence every Grief, and ev'ry anxious Care,
Mix with the Seas and Winds, raise Tempests there:
Strike all your Strings, to joyful Measures move,
And ev'ry Voice sound Liberty and Love.

[Flourish of all the Musick. The Captives are set at Liberty. Archon from Amadis herself.]

SONG.

Liberty! Liberty!

As has been is Liberty!

Arise, arise, the gallant Britons cry,

Let us live free, or let us die,

Trumpets sounding, Banners flying,

Braving Tyrants, Chains doffing,

Arise, arise, the gallant Britons cry,

Let us live free, or let us die,

Liberty! Liberty!

Arise, arise, the gallant Britons cry,

Another

The British Enchanters.

Another Voice.

*Happy Isle, all Joys possessing,**Clims resembling Heav'n above,**Freedom 'tis that crowns thy Blessing,**Land of Liberty, and Love!**When the Nymphs, no cure complaining,**Set themselves and Lovers free,**In the Blessing of Obtaining,**Al! how sweet is Liberty!*

Fifth Dance of Captives.

*Florestan and Corisande run into each others Arms;**Flor. In this enchanting Circle let me be,**For ever and for ever bound with thee.**Cor. Life of my Life, and Charm of my Heart;**From these Embraces let us never part.**Flor. Never, O never — In some safe Retreat,**Far from the Noise and Tumults of the Great,**Secure and happy on each other's Breast,**Within each others Arms we'll ever rest;**Those Eyes shall make my Days serene and bright,**These Arms, thus circling round me, bless the Night.**Arcabon advances with Amadis, the rest stand in Rows,**bowing as they advance.**Arcab. When Rage, like Minotaur, makes a sudden Pause,**Methinks 'twere easy to divine the Cause: and in**Soldiers, though rough, may in a Lady's Face**The secret meaning of her Blushes trace,*

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When short-breath'd Sighs, and catching Glances, sent,
From dying Eyes, reveal the Kind Intent.

All Day in Wars rude Hazards take Delight,
But love and gentler Pleasures rule the Night.

Amad. The Lords of Fate, who all our Lots decree,
Have destin'd Fame no other Joy for me,
My sullen Stars in that one Circle move,
The happy only are ordain'd for Love.

Arca. The Stars that you reproach, my Art can force,
I can direct 'em to a kinder Course.

What conquer'd Nations, driven from the Field,
Can please your Pride, like tender Maids that yield?

What Sound so sweet or ravishing, can move
Like the soft Whisper of consenting Love?

What Spoils of Fame, what Trophies have the Charms
Of Love, Triumphant in a Virgin's Arms?

Freely as Nature made the Treasure mine,
And boldly rifle all, each Gem is thine;

Unguarded see the Maiden Casket stand,
Glad of the Theft, to court the Robber's Hand;

Honour his wonted Watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly Soldier, while the Dragon sleeps.

Amad. Enchanting are your Looks, less Magick lies
In your mysterious Air, than in your Eyes;

Such melting Language claims a soft Return,
Pity the hapless Love with which I burn;

Fast bound already, and not free to choose,
I prize the Blessing which I must refuse.

CHORUS

Arca.

When

Arcab. Those formal Lovers be for ever curst,
Who fetter'd free-born Love with Honour first,

[Turning angrily aside.]

Who thro' fantastick Laws are Virtue's Fools,
And against Nature will be Slaves to Rules.
How cold he stands! Unkindling at my Charms!

[Observing him.]

Thou Rock of Ice, I'll melt thee in my Arms.

[To him gently.]

Your Captive Friends have Freedom from this Hour;
Rejoice for them, but for thy self much more:
Sublimar Blessings are reserv'd for thee,
Whom Glory calls to be possessor of me.
The Shipwreckt *Greeks*, cast on *Aeolus's* Shore,
With trembling Steps the dubious Coast explore;
Who first arrive, unworthy of Regard,
In vain lament, unpity'd and unheard:
But when *Ulysses* with Majestick Mien
Approach'd the Throne, where sat th' Enchantress Queen,
Pleas'd with a Presence that invades her Charms,
She takes the bold Advent'rer in her Arms,
Up to her Bed she leads the Conqueror on,
Where he enjoys the Daughter of the Sun.

[She leads Amadis out. Florestan and Corisanda go off together, looking back with Concern after Amadis. The remaining Captives express their Joy for Liberty, with Songs and Dances, with which the Act concludes.]

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

I.
 To Fortune give immortal Praise;
 Fortune depose, and can raise;
 Fortune the Captives Chains does break;
 And brings despairing Exiles back;
 However low this Hour we fall,
 One lucky Moment may mend all.

II.
 'Tis Fortune governs all below:
 The Statesman's Wiles, the Gamester's Throw;
 The Soldier's Fame, the Merchant's Gain,
 The Lover's Joy, the Prisoner's Chains;
 Are but as Fortune shall bestow;
 'Tis Fortune governs all below.

Sixth Dance of Captives to the Chorus.

[Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Grove, &c.

Enter Arcabon and Arcalaus.

Arcab. HIS first Excuses I to forms allow'd,
 And deem'd 'em Policy before the Croud;
 But when alone, in Shades where Lovers hide,
 Death! Hell! and Furies! then to be deny'd!

C

Arcab.

Arcal. Of Women Tyrants 'tis the common Doom,
Each haughtily sets out in Beauty's Bloom,
'Till late repenting, to redden the path,
You turn abandon'd Prostitutes to last.

Arcab. Who Hate Sexless, is sure of that again:
Rage begets Rage, Disdain provokes Disdain:
Why, why, alas, shoud Love less equal prove?
Why is not Love return'd with mutual Love?

Arcal. Blessings when cheap, or certain, we despise;
From sure Possession what Desire can rise?
Love, like Ambition, dies as the object dies,
By Doubt provok'd by Certainty destroy'd.

Arcab. To govern Love! what! what! Woman can?
Yet 'tis an easy Province to a Man.
Why am I then of Hope abandon'd? Why?
There is a Cure——I'd seek it——if I might.
Forgive me, Brother, if I pry too far;
I've learnt——my Rival is your Prisoner here;
If that be true——

Arcal. What thence woud you infer?

Arcab. What but her Death——When *Ahmad* is free
From Hopes of her, there may be Hope for me.

Arcal. Thou Cloud to his bright Sun! Fool, shall he
Who has lov'd her, ever descend to thee?

Arcal. Much valier Fool art thou; where are those
Chains

That are to tempt a Princess to thy Arms?

Thou Vulcan to *Orinda's* Mars.

Arcal.

Arcal. But yet,
This *Vulcan* has that *Mars* within his Net.
Your Counsel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the Woman sure, the Man shall bleed.

[Exit Arcalaus sadly.]

Arcab. First perish thou, Earth, Air, and Seas and Sky,
Confounded in one Heap of Chaos lie,
And ev'ry other living Creature die.
I burn, I burn; the Storm that's in my Mind
Kindles my Heart, like Fires provok'd by Wind:
Love and Repentment, Willies and Dildain,
Blow all at once, like Winds that plough the Main.
Furies, *Alas!*, aid my just Design:
But if, averse to Mercy, you decline
The pious Task, assist me, Pow'r's divine;
Just Gods, and thou their King, Imperial Jove,
Strike whom you please, but save the Man I love.

[Exit.]

The SCENE changes to a pleasant Garden, Queen sitting in a Bower at the lower Part of the Scene, listening to soft Musick. Arcalaus enters, bowing respectfully; she rises; they advance slowly towards the Stage in mute Dissemulsi, 'till the Musick ceases.

Arcal. Of Freedom lost, unjustly you complain,
Born to command, where-e'er you come, you reign:
No Fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a Prison, but an Empire find.

Ori. Death I expect, and I desire it too,
 'Tis all the Mercy to be wish'd from you.
 To die is to be free: Oh let me find
 A speedy Death; that Freedom wou'd be kind.

Arcal. Too cruel to suspect such Ills were meant;
 Here is no Death, but what your Eyes present:
 O may they reign, those Arbiters of Fate,
 Immortal, as the Loves that they create.
 We know the Cause of this prepos'trous Grief,
 And we shou'd pity, were there no Relief:
 One Lover lost, have you not Millions more?
 Can you complain of Want, whom all adore?
 All Hearts are yours, ev'n mine, that fierce and free
 Ranging at large, disdain'd Captivity,
 Caught by your Charms, the Savage trembling lies,
 And prostrate in his Chain, for Mercy dies.

Ori. Respect is limited to Pow'r alone,
 Beauty disreft, like Kings from Empire thrown,
 Each Insolent invades, regardless of a Frown.
 How art thou chang'd, ah wretched Princess! now,
 When ev'ry Slave that loves, dares tell thee so!

Arcal. If I do love, the Fault is in your Eyes,
 Blame them that wound, and not the Slave that dies:
 If we may love, then sure we may declare;
 If we may not, ah why are you so fair?
 Who can behold those Lips, that Neck, this Waste,
 That Form divine, and not be mad to taste?

Ori.

Ori. Pluck out these Eyes, revenge thee on my Face,
Tear off my Checks, and root up every Grace,
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,
Thus may'st thou free thy self at once and me.

Arcal. Such strange Commands 'twere impious to obey,
I wou'd revenge my self a gentler Way.

*[Takes her by the Hand, she snatches it away disdainfully,
he turns furiously upon her.]*

Some Hope there is that you may change your Mind;
Madam, you have not always been unkind.

Ori. Some Whirlwind bear me from this odious Place,
Earth open wide, and bury my Disgrace;

Save me, ye Pow'rs, from Violence and Shame,
Assist my Virtue and protect my Fame.

Arcal. Love with Submission first begins in Course,
But when that fails, a sure Reserve is Force: *[Aside.]*
The nicest Dances, who our Embraces shun,
Wait only a Pretence, and Force is one:
She who thro' Frailty yields, Dishonour gains,
But she that's forc'd, her Innocence retains:
Debtors and Slaves for Favours they bestow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe:
No Ties of Love or Gratitude constrain,
But as we like, we leave, or come again.

It shall be so —

Since softer Arguments have prov'd so vain,

Force is the last — Resist it if you can.

[Seizes her, she struggles and breaks from him.]

Ori. Help, help, ye Gods!

Arcal. Who with such Courage can resist Desire,
With what a Rage he'll love when Raptures fire?
Behold in Chains your vanquish'd Minion lies,
And if for nothing but this Scorn, he dies.

*Amadis fast bound in Chains. Oriana and Amadis at
sight of each other start and both amazed. Arcalaus
advances to stab him. Arcabon in the Instant enters,
seizes Oriana, holding a Dagger at her Breast. Arcalaus
withholds his Blow.*

Arcab. Strike boldly, Murd'rer, strike him to the Ground,
While thus my Dagger shivers every Wound;
Drink deep the Blood from the most mortal Part,
I'll do thee Reason in Oriana's Heart.
By what new Magic in thy Magic's charms
Trembles thy Mind, before a Man whom I
When by Oriana's Death, deliver'd of Blis,
Then Triumph in the Fate of Amadis.

Ori. Strike, my Deliverer, do not slowly Strike,
I shun thee now, but rather would I prove
Death to the Wretch who in my Arms
But yet, methinks, he might that Victim spare to live.
Pointing to Amadis.

Amad. Burst, burst these Fetters, that like Poison
May to the Saviour of the Christian
My Soul, till now, no Danger could afford;
But trembles, like a Coward, at this Sight.

Arcal.

Arcal. So passionate! But I'll revenge it here,

Arcal. Hold, Fury, or I strike at home; forbear.

[She offering at Oriana, he offers at Amadis, both withhold their Blow.]

Had I enjoy'd ~~from~~ A Curse on the Rapine!

Thou might'st have stuck, and had the Lover's Leave.

Trumpets sound, enter hastily Urganda with a numerous Train of Attendants.

Urg. To Arms, to Arms, ye Spirits of the Air,

Ye Guardians of the Brave, and of the Fair,

Leave your bright Mansions, and in Arms appear.

[Thunder, Trumpets, Kettle-drums, and other warlike Instruments. Spirits descend in Clouds, some continue in the Air, playing upon Instruments of War. Others remain rang'd as for Battle. Others descend upon the Stage, and draw up in Order of Battle by Amadis, whom Urganda frees, presenting him a Sword. Arcabon and Arcadia both astonished, and retire to the opposite Side of the Stage. Oriana goes over to Urganda.]

Arcal. Fly quick, ye Dæmons, from your black Abodes,

And try another Combat with the Gods,

Blue Fires and pestilential Fumes arise,

And flaming Fountains spout against the Skies,

From their broad Roots these Oaks and Cedars tear,

Burn like my Love, and rage like my Despair.

[Trumpets sound on Arcabon's Side, which are answer'd on Urganda's. The Grove appears in an instant all in a Flame. Fire issues from below, and rises as in Storms; a Rain

a Rain of Fire from above. The Sky darken'd the while.
 Thunder and Lightning. Demons range themselves on
 the Stage by Arcalaus; other Demons face Urganda's
 Spirits in the Air. Arcalaus advances before his Party
 with his Sword drawn to Amadis.

Arcal. Let Heav'n and Hell stand neuter, while we try
 On equal Terms, which of us two shall die.

[Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the Head of their Parties:
 A Fight at the same Time in the Air, - and upon the
 Stage: Martial Music the while mixt with Instruments
 of Horror: Thunder and Lightning. The Demons are
 overcome; Arcalaus falls.

Amad. Thou might'st have learnt more Policy from Hell,
 Than tempt the Sword by which thy Brother fell:

[To Arcalaus falling

Urg. Sound Tunes of Triumph all ye Winds, and bear
 Your Notes aloft, that Heaven and Earth may hear;
 And thou, O Sun, shine out serene and gay,
 And bright, as when the Giants lost the Day.

[The Sky clears, and Tunes of Triumph resound from all
 Parts of the Theatre. Amadis approaches Oriana, bow-
 ing respectfully. Arcabon the while stands sullen and
 observing.

Amad. While Amadis Oriana's Love posselt,
 Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breast,
 Not Jove, the King of Gods, like Amadis was blest.

Ori. While to Oriana Amadis was true,
 Nor wandering Flames to distant Climates drew,
 No Heav'n, but only Love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.

Amad.

Amad. That Heav'n of Love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving those Pow'rs by whom she falsly swore,
She to *Constantius* wou'd those Charms resign,
If Oaths cou'd bind, that shou'd be only mine.

Ori. With a feign'd Falshood you'd evade your Part
Of Guilt, and tax a tender faithful Heart:
While by such Ways you'd hide a conscious Flame,
The only Virtue you have left, is Shame.

[Turning disdainfully from him.]

Amad. But shou'd this injur'd Vassal you reject
Prove true, ah what Return might he expect?

[Approaching tenderly.]

Ori. Tho' brave *Constantius* charms, with ev'ry Art,
That can entice a tender Virgin's Heart,
Whether he shines for Glory or Delight,
To tempt Ambition, or enchant the Sight,
Were *Amadis* restor'd to my Esteem,
I wou'd reject a Deity for him.

Amad. Tho' false as watry Bubbles blown by Wind,
Fix'd in my Soul, and rooted in my Mind,
I love *Oriana*, faithless and unkind:
Oh were she kind, and faithful, as she's fair,
For her alone I'd live, and die for her.

Urg. Adjourn these Murmurs of unquiet Love,
And from this Scene of Rage and Fate remove.
Thy Empire, *Arcton*, concludes this Hour,
Short is the Date of all flagitious Pow'r;

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Spar'd be thy Life, that thou may'st living bear
The Torments of the Dam'd in thy Despair;
Where *Zephyrs* only breathe, in *Myrtle Groves*,
There will I lead you to debate your Loves.

[*Urganda takes Oriana's Hand leading her out. As Amadis is following, Narcobon takes him by the Elbow.*]

Arcab. What, not one Look! not one dissembling Smile
To thank me for your Life! Or to beguile
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my Sight for ever, and my Heart.

[*Lets go her Hand with an Air of Contempt.*]

Back, Soldier, to the Camp, thy proper Sphere,
Stick to thy Trade, dull Hero, follow War,
Useless to Women; thou meer Image, meant
To raise Desire, and then to disappoint.

[*Amadis goes out.*]

So ready to be gone! — Barbarian, stay —
He's gone, and Love returns, and Pride gives way.
Oh stay, come back — Horror and Hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die! — Return, return.
Eternal Racks my tortur'd Bosom tear,
Vultures with endless Pangs are gnawing there,
Fury! Distraction! I am all Despair,
Burning with Love, may'st thou ne'er aim at Bliss,
But Thunder shake thy Limbs, and Lightning blast thy Kiss,
While pale, aghast, a Spectre I stand by.
Pleas'd at the Terrors that distract thy Joy;

Plague

Plague of my Life! thy want of Pow'r shall be
A Curse to her, worse than thy scorn to me.

[Exit.]

CHORUS,

The Battle's done,

Opt Wars are o'er,

The Battle's done,

Let Laurels crown

The Heads that rugged Steel did cover.

Let Myrtles too

Bring Peace for euer,

Let Myrtles too

Adorn the Broom

That bows beneath the warlike Deuot.

Let Kisses, Embraces,

Dying Eyes, and kind Glances,

Let Kisses, Embraces,

And tender Carresses

Give Warmth to cool amorous Tresses.

Let Trumpets and Tymbals,

Let Arabicks and Ombels,

Let Drums and Handbells give forth

Big let Flutes

And let Lutes

Our Passions excite

To gentle Delight

And every Man let a Lover

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Urganda's Bower of Bliss: Being a Representation of Woodstock-Park.*

Enter Oriana and Amadis.

Ori. IN my Esteem he well deserves a Part,
He shares my Praise, but you have all my Heart:
When equal Virtues in the Scales are try'd,
And Justice against neither can decide,
When Judgment thus perplex'd suspends the Choice,
Fancy must speak, and give the casting Voice:
Much to his Love, much to his Merit's due,
But pow'rful Inclination is for you.

Amad. Thou hast no Equal, a superior Ray
Unrival'd as the Light that rules the Day.
Should Fame solicit me with all her Charms,
Nor blooming Laurels, nor victorious Arms
Shou'd purchase but a Grain of the Delight,
A Moment from the Raptures of this Night.

Ori. Wrong not my Virtue, to suppose that I
Can grant to Love, what Duty must deny;
A Father's Will is wanting, and my Breast
Is rul'd by Glory, tho' by Love possess'd:
Rather than be another's I wou'd die,
Nor can be yours, 'till Duty can comply.

Amad.

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Amad. Curs'd Rules! that thus the noblest Loves engage;
To wait the peevish Humours of old Age!
Think not the Lawfulness of Love consists
In Parents Wills, or in the Forms of Priests;
Such are but licenc'd Rapes that Vengeance draw
From Heav'n,, however approv'd by human Law.
Marriage the happy't Bond of Love might be,
If Hands were only join'd when Hearts agree.

Enter Urganda and Corisanda, Florestan and Attendants.

Urg. Here faithful Lovers to safe Joys remove,
The soft Retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd, to crown the happy Hours
Of mighty Kings, and famous Conquerors.
The Bow'r of Bliss 'tis call'd, and is the same
Which Mortals shall hereafter *Blenheim* name,
Delicious Seat, ordain'd a sweet Recess
For thee, and for a future *Amadis*.
Here, *Amadis*, let all your Suff'rings end;
Before I brought a Mistress, now a Friend,
The greatest Blessings that the Gods can send.

[*Presenting Florestan.*

Amad. O, *Florestan*! there wanted but this more,
This strict Embrace, to make my Joys run o'er:
The Sight of thee does such vast Transports breed,
That scarce the Ecstasies of Love exceed.

Flor. If beyond Love or Glory is a Taste
Of Pleasure, it is sure in Friendship plac'd.

Ori. My *Corisanda* too?
Not *Florestan* could fly with greater haste
To take thee in his Arms: O welcome to my Breast;
As to thy Lover's —

Cor. O Joy complet!
Blest Day!
Wherein so many Friends and Lovers meet.

Flor. The Storm blown over, so the wanton Doves }
Shake from their Plumes the Rain, and seek the Groves, }
Pair their glad Mates, and coo eternal Loves!

Amad. O *Florestan*! blest as thou dost deserve,
To thee the Fates are kind, without Reserve.
My Joys are not so full; tho' Love would yield,
Pierce Honour stands his Ground, and keeps the Field:
Nature within seduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his Guard of Pride, defends:
O Nature frail, and faulty in thy Frame,
Fomenting Wishes, Honour must condemn;
O! too rigid Honour thus to bind,
When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind.

Enter Arcabon *concluding* *Constitutions*, *her Garments loose*
and Hair dishevel'd, seeming frantic.

Arcab. This, *Roman*, is the Place: 'Tis Magick Ground,
Hid by Enchantment, by Enchantment found.

Behold

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Behold 'em at our View dissolv'd in Fear:
Two Armies, are two Lovers in despair.
Proceed, be bold, and scornful to entreat;
Think all her Strugglings feign'd, her Cries Deceit,
Not creeping like a Cur that fawns to please,
Nor whine, nor beg — but like a Lion seize:
Kill him and ravish her: For so wou'd I,
Were I a Man; or rather let both die.
The Rape may please —

Each was disdain'd; to equal Rage resign
Thy Heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine,
'Tis sweet to love, but when with Scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the Loss, with Joy as great.

*[A Chariot descends swiftly down by Dragons, into which
she enters at the following Lines.]*

Up to th' ethereal Heav'n where Gods reside,
Lo! thus I fly to thunder on thy side.

*[Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the Air, and vanishes
with her.]*

Can. Fly where thou wilt, but not to bless Abodes;
For know, where'er thou art, there are no Gods.

[Approaches Orlana bowing respectfully.]
I come not here an Object to a fright,
Or to molest, but add to your Delight.

Behold a Priace expiring in your View,
Whose Life's a Burthen to himself, and you.

Fate

Fate and the King all other Means deny
To set you free, but that *Constantius* die.
A *Roman* Arm had play'd a *Roman's* part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking Heart:

I thank you, Gods, nor think my Doom severe,
Refusing Life, on any Terms, for her.

Urg, What cruel Destiny on Beauty waits,
When on one Face depend so many Fates?

Confin'd by Honour to relieve but One,
Unhappy Men by thousands are undone,

Com. Make Room, ye *Decei*, whose devoted Breath
Secur'd your Country's Happiness by Death;
I come a Sacrifice no less renown'd,
The Cause as glorious, and as sure the Wound.

[*Kneels at Oriana's Feet, she seems concerned.*]

Oh Love! with all thy Sweets let her be blest,
Thy Reign be gentle in thatauteous Breast.
Tho' thy malignant Beams, with deadly Force,
Have scorch'd my Joy, and in their baneful Course
Wither'd each Plant, and dry'd up ev'ry Source;

Ah! to *Oriana* shine less fatal bright,

Cherish her Heart, and nourish her Delight,

Restrain each cruel Influence that destroys,

Bless all her Days, and ripen all her Joys.

[*Amadis addressing to Constantius.*]

Amad. Were Fortune us'd to smile upon *Desert*,
Love had been yours; to die had been my Part:

Thus

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Thus Fate divides the Prize; tho' Beauty's mine,
Yet Fame, our other Mistress, is more thine.

[Constantius rises, looking sternly upon him.]

Disdain not, gallant Prince, a Rival's Praise,
Whom your high Worth has humbled to confess.
In every thing, but Love, he merits less.

Con. Art thou that Rival then? O killing Shame!
And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame?
Like a scorn'd Captive prostrate at his Side,
To grace his Triumph, and delight his Pride?
O 'tis too much! and Nature in Disdain
Turns back from Death, and firing ev'ry Vein,
Reddens with Rage, and kindles Life again.
Be firm, my Soul, quick from this Scene remove,
Or Madness else may be too strong for Love.

[Draws a Dagger, and stands between Amadis and Oriana, facing Amadis.]

Spent as I am, and weary'd with the Weight
Of burthening Life——I cou'd reverse my Fate!
Thus planted, stand thy everlasting Bar;

[Seizing Amadis, holding the Dagger at his Throat;
Amadis struggles for his Sword.]

But for Oriana's sake 'tis better here.

[Looking back upon Oriana, stabs himself; all run to support him.]

Ori. Live, gen'rous Prince, such Virtue ne'er shou'd die.

Con.

Can I've liv'd enough, of all I with possib.
 If dying, I may leave Oriana blis.
 Nor can I now recall my Fate

Th' Invader has too sure a Footing found,
 He spreads his Troops, and coving all around,
 He marches unoppos'd: In ev'ry Vein
 Fevers assault, and Phrensies burn my Brain,
 The last warm Drop forsakes my bleeding Heart:
 Oh Love! how sure a Murderer thou art. [Dies.

Ori. There breaks the noblest Heart that ever burn'd,
 In Flames of Love, for ever to be mourn'd.

Amad. Lavish to him, you wrong an equal Phases,
 Had he been lov'd, my Heart had done the same.

Flu. Oh Emperor, all Ages shall agree,
 Such, but more happy, thou'd all Lovers be.

Ug. No Lover now throughout the World remains
 But Amadis, deserving of your Chains.

Remove that mournful Object from the Sight.

[Carry off the Body.

Ere you bright Beam is shadow'd o'er with Night,
 The stubborn King shall licence your Delight;

The Torch, already bright with nuptial Fire,
 Shall bring you to the Bedchamber you desire,

And Honour, that so long has kept in doubt,
 Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[Here an Entertainment of Musick and Dancing.

To

The British Enchanters.

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To be Sung.

Make room for the Combat, make room;

Sound the Trumpet and Drum:

A fairer than Venus prepares

To encounter a greater than Mars.

Make room for the Combat, make room;

Sound the Trumpet and Drum:

The Gods of Desire take part in the Fray,

And Love sits like Jove, to decide the great Day.

For the Honour of Britain

This Duel is fought:

Give the word to begin.

Let the Combatants in

The Challenger enters all glorious:

But Love has decreed,

The Beauty may bleed,

Yet Beauty shall still be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the Combat make room;

Sound the Trumpet and Drum:

A fairer than Venus prepares

To encounter a greater than Mars.

SONG.

Help! help! th' invincible Conqueror cries;

He faints, he falls, help, help! Ah no! he dies:

Gently

Gently she tries to raise his Head,
And weeps, alas! to find him dead.

Sound, sound a Charge, 'tis War again;
Again he fights, again is slain;
Again, again, help, help! she cries,
He faints, he falls, help, help! Ah me! he dies.

Another:

Happy Pair.

Free from Care,
Enjoy the Blessing
Of sweet Possessing,

Free from Care,

Happy Pair.

Love inviting,

Souls uniting,

Desiring,

Expiring,

Enjoy the Blessing

Of sweet Possessing,

Free from Care,

Happy Pair.

Chorus Singing and Dancing.

Be true, all ye Lovers, whate'er you endure;

Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure?

So divine is the Blessing,

In the Hour of Possessing.

That

The British Enchanters.

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That one Moment's obtaining

Pays an Age of Complaining.

Be true, all ye Lovers, what'er you endure;

The' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!

[Here enter two Parties from the opposite Sides of the Theatre, with Lances in their Hands, marching to a Warlike Measure of Trumpets, &c. Then run a Tilt, and having broken or quitted their Lances, form divers Combats with Sword and Buckler. The Conquerors dance a Measure, expressing their Joy for Victory.

CHORUS to the Dance.

Amadis is the Hero's Glory,

Of endless Fame a lasting Story:

Amadis is the Hero's Glory:

Oriana is the Queen of Pleasure,

A Light of Love, to shine for ever:

Oriana is the Queen of Pleasure.

[The Entertainment concludes with Variety of Songs and Dances, after which the Company rise and come forward.

Amad. So *Phaëus* mounts triumphant in the Skies,

The Clouds disperse, and gloomy Horror flies;

Darkness gives place to the victorious Light,

And all around is gay, and all around is bright;

Ori.

That

Ori. Our present Joys are sweeter for past Pain;
To Heav'n, and Love, by suffering we attain.

Urg. Prophetick Pury reveals within my Breast,
And as at Delphos, when the forming Priest
Full of his God, proclaims the distant Doom
Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come:
My labouring Mind so struggles to unfold,
On British Ground, a future Age of Gold:
But lest incredible you later should behold,

[*Enter a SCENE representing the Queen and all the
Triumphs of her Majesty's Reign.*]

High on a Throne appears the Martial Queen;
With Grace sublime, and with Imperial Mien,
Surveying round her with Imperial Eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom the Law claims.
In ev'ry Line of that auspicious Face
Soft Mercy smiles, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace.
So Angels look, and so, when Heav'n decrees,
They scourge the World to Piety and Peace.

Emperess, and Conqueror, hail! Thine Fates ordain
O'er all the willing World, sole Arbitress to reign:
To no One People are thy Laws confin'd,
Great Britain's Queen, but Guardian of Mankind.
Sure Hope of all who live Oppression bear,
For all th' Oppress'd become thy Sister here,
Nations of Giant's proud, Their arms, to free,
Denouncing War, presenting Law to thee.

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The British Enchanters.

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The Victor to the Vanquish'd yields a Prize,
For in thy Triumph, their Redemption lies;
Freedom and Peace, for ravish'd Fame, you give;
Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve.
So the Sun scorches, and revives by Turns,
Requiting with rich Metals, where he burns.

Taught by this great Example to be just,
Succeeding Kings shall well fulfil their Trusts;
Discord and War and Tyranny shall cease,
And jarring Nations be compell'd to Peace;
Princes and States, like Subjects, shall agree
To trust Her Power, safe in Her Piety.

If curious to inspect the Book of Fate,
You'd farther learn the destin'd Time and Date
Of Britain's Glory, know, this Royal Dame
From Stuart's Race shall rise, *ANNA* shall be her Name;

FINIS.

